

SAILOR'S DIARY TELLS OF THREE WEEKS OF HORROR.

Derelict Drifted in Tropic Seas While the Crew Thirsted.

ATE SHARK'S FLESH RAW.

Woful Experiences Made a Raving Maniac of the Jennie F. Willey's Cook.

Three weeks of thirst on a rudderless bulk in a tropic sea, with raw shark for breakfast and luncheon and dinner, converted the cook of the schooner Jennie F. Willey into a raving madman and one of the able seamen into a descriptive writer. Literary landlubbers who are ambitious to write stories of the sea might do worse than dip into the diary of Emil Ehlers, who has come on the palms of his hands and tar under his finger nails. He reached this port yesterday with five of his rescued comrades, including his skipper, F. C. Buener. But the others seemed to think that mere verbal description would be impertinent in the presence of the diary of Emil Ehlers, A. B.

"This here diary," said Ehlers, A. B., "was wrote under difficulties, so the penmanship ain't what it might be. But I'll read it to you, and you can write it down your own way."

"Ay, ay!" ejaculated his comrades, nodding their heads several times. And, although they had listened to the diary often before, they gathered around with solemn faces to hear it read for the benefit of a stranger. From time to time when the more moving passages were reached, they nodded their heads, exchanged glances of admiration, and said, "Ay, ay!" very emphatically. The literary mariner read his own work in the sing-song cadence most approved by men of his calling. Now and again he lifted his eyes from the manuscript to make an extempore commentary. This is how he began:

Sept. 25—Left Jacksonville today with a load of lumber. Weather couldn't be better, and everything looks as though we'd have a fine voyage. But I don't like this leaving port on Friday. I said that to the mate, Ernest Sullivan, but he laughed at me.

Sept. 26—Longitude 70° W., latitude 27° N. Something going to happen in the way of a storm. Macey's trying to hide trait in the bottom of the barometer. We were tacking against a head wind, but it has died down. The sea looks like melted tar.

Landmen Might Doubt. "Now, a landman might think that sounded wrong, for of course it ain't natural for salt water to look like tar. But it did, just the same, and I just wrote it down because I seen it with my own eyes. We were becalmed."

Sept. 30—Breeze sprung up early this morning. It was a queer kind of breeze, though. It wasn't a natural, healthy breeze. It seemed to be raving, crazy, or gone wrong somehow. It didn't blow from anywhere to anywhere. It went swishing around us in kind of circles. Now it's blowing harder. I believe we're in a hurricane.

We have tumbled the sparker, leaving only the doorknob and handle and a few of the planks from the deck. We are trying to leave to, but the way the sea is blowing, it's like a wall of water. I think it's the sea, like a wall of water. And there's a queer thing about it. The sea is all white, like shaving cream, and the waves are like a wall of water. There's a long, jagged peak out through the haze, and they're streaked with blood red and yellow.

"I don't believe any landman ever saw a sky like that, or many seamen, either, for that matter. I just wrote it down the way I saw it."

Oct. 1—All hands to the pumps early this morning. That was because the lumber in the hold had pitched about. The sea was so high, it was like a wall of water. The schooner dropped over with the sea, and the water came over the deck. We were like a wall of water. The sea was so high, it was like a wall of water. The schooner dropped over with the sea, and the water came over the deck. We were like a wall of water.

Oct. 2—At 11:45 a wave came up and hit us a smack on the port side. The sea was so high, it was like a wall of water. The schooner dropped over with the sea, and the water came over the deck. We were like a wall of water. The sea was so high, it was like a wall of water. The schooner dropped over with the sea, and the water came over the deck. We were like a wall of water.

Seven Days of Torment. "There's nothing worse after that for seven days, but it was all pretty much alike, as near as I remember. We were all bleeding where our lips cracked. I remember the captain, sitting all one day when there was a drizzling rain with his rubber coat spread out on his lap. But he only got about a tablespoonful, and he couldn't move he was that cramped."

Oct. 10—All hands too weak to move much, some of them are raving, and think they see sea and watermelons in the air. It's only the lumber in her hold keeps her afloat.

Oct. 12—This afternoon we saw a big black cloud, but we thought it was only a vision. It really began to rain. We caught some water in a tarpaulin, and emptied it into an old paraffin barrel. It smelled awful, but we liked it better than champagne. Some of the men's tongues were so swollen they had to take it drop by drop.

Oct. 14—Sharks have been swimming around us for two days. They have as much sense as persons. To-day I found an old bit of salt calf's tongue among the lumber. I wanted to eat it, but the captain thought it might poison me, so I stuck it on a freight hook and dropped it overboard at the end of the lead line. A little shark jumped at it right away, and we hauled him on board. He weighed about sixty pounds. We cut him up with our knives and ate him raw, saving some of him for bait. That was our first meal since the hurricane. Later we caught two more and saved them for to-morrow.

Oct. 16—The water being a different color this morning I said I thought we were getting land. But Alley says: "No, we will never see land or a ship or anything any more. What can you expect when you sail on a Friday? Just the same, we sighted land, but before we could drift to it we struck on a shoal, and there we are now."

Oct. 18—This morning we saw a sail, so we all went on what was left of the poop and waved like mad. She changed her course and headed for us. She was a schooner, the Sea Clipper, of Nassau, manned by colored men—captain and crew. But they seemed like angels of light to us. Her captain was named Amos Smith, and he told us he was bound for Waller's Key, one of the Bahamas, which was the land I'd sighted first. The coffee tasted grand.

"That's about all my diary has to tell. We were landed at Nassau, and Consul McLean bought us new clothes and paid our passages to New York on the Saratoga, from which we've just landed—all except the cook. He's out of his head, in the hospital at Nassau."

"I just wrote down the things I saw happen with my own eyes."



EMIL EHLERS



Sailor Ehlers, Who Kept a Diary on a Derelict.

The crew of the Jennie F. Willey landed in this city yesterday. The vessel was wrecked in the tropics, and for three weeks the derelict drifted, while the crew suffered the agonies of hunger and thirst. Part of the time the men lived on shark's meat. Emil Ehlers kept a diary of the awful days in the tropics. His story graphically depicts the horrors suffered by the crew.

RESULT OF TO-MORROW'S ELECTION.

The Most Complete and Accurate Returns Will Be Found in Wednesday Morning's Journal.

Don't put plaster on ballots. A plaster on a ballot renders the vote defective. If you put plaster on your ballot your vote will be thrown out.



Children of Millionaires Who Will Wed.

The marriage of Albert J. Kramer and Miss Charlotte Edith Zahn will take place on Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, No. 25 East Ninety-fourth street. Mr. Kramer is the son of the multi-millionaire Washington Heights real estate owner and the founder of the Atlantic Garden. He is a member of the Liederkreis and Arion societies and a leader of the German "Four Hundred." Miss Zahn is the daughter of Henry Zahn, the millionaire provision merchant. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Dr. Remondorff, of the Madison Avenue Episcopal Church. Henry Zahn, Jr., brother of the bride, will be the best man. Fritz Zahn will be the maid of honor. The ushers will be Bernhard Zahn, William Ottmann, Charles A. Doelger and Charles A. Bussing.

HINT FOR MONEY AFTER MANY YEARS

\$200,000 Involved in One Advertisement Printed Yesterday.

ESTATE OF BEACH IVERS.

He Died in 1878 and His Heirs Are Looking for Large Sum Lost.

ANOTHER ESTATE WANTS \$12,000.

That Sum Said to Have Been Deposited in Some Bank (Now Forgotten) by Mrs. Susan McLean.

The following advertisement appeared in a Brooklyn paper yesterday:

INFORMATION WANTED—Estate of Beach Ivers, who died in 1878, and whose estate was valued at \$200,000, is now being administered by Mrs. Susan McLean, who is looking for a large sum of money lost by her husband. The sum is said to have been deposited in some bank (now forgotten) by Mrs. Susan McLean.

Beach Ivers was a wealthy manufacturer of brass goods, with a place in Cherry street, New York. He died in 1878, without a will. His widow put the practical management of the estate in the hands of John M. Furman, who was at that time president of the Fourth National Bank.

When he came to make an accounting of the stocks and bonds it is alleged that bonds worth \$200,000 could not be found. Furman, it is alleged, promised to make a bequest of \$200,000 in his will in Mrs. Ivers's favor. He gave her a judgment for \$200,000, with the understanding that it should only be filed against his estate in case he neglected to make provision for the \$200,000 in his will.

Furman died in 1884, leaving an estate valued at \$80,000, but there was a bequest in favor of Mrs. Ivers. Then Mrs. Ivers began to look up the \$200,000 judgment, but she could not find any trace of it. She died some years later without getting the matter straightened out.

Her daughters, Mrs. E. J. McLean and Mrs. M. Furman Hooper, have inserted the advertisement in the hope of finding the missing judgment to reclaim a part of their father's estate.

Another Case of Lost Money. Some of the big banks in Manhattan have on deposit \$12,000, with interest, which belonged to Susan McLean, who lived at No. 81 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn.

Mrs. McLean died in November without having drawn her money; her bank book is lost, and her heirs are in a quandary as to how to get the cash. They have employed William L. Haemer, a lawyer, at No. 184 Remsen street, Brooklyn, to find the money.

Mrs. McLean was the wife of Alexander McLean, a wealthy shoe manufacturer. They came from Scotland originally. When Mrs. McLean died, last year, she left a will bequeathing all her property, real and personal, to her husband.

During her lifetime she is alleged to have deposited \$12,000 in her own name in a certain downtown bank. When Alexander McLean died, last May, his executors could find no record of the \$12,000.

Lawyer Haemer went to the bank where the money is thought to be kept. The officials denied that the money was there, but he says they did it so hesitatingly that he believes they know something about the money.

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PAULIST FATHERS HIT DEAD HEADS.

Issue a Notice Showing That Persons Must Pay for Seats in Their Church.

Members of the congregation of the Paulist Fathers' Church, at Sixteenth street and Columbus avenue, found notices in the pews yesterday reading in part as follows:

All persons who do not regularly rent seats are expected to pay for the seat they occupy at all masses except the first—at 8 and 7 o'clock, ten cents; at 11 and 12, ten cents.

The proper way, then, for all such people is to secure a ticket at the end of the church and present it to the altar, whose business it is to secure you as good a seat as he can. Some people, however, do not take these simple regulations, seem to fancy they may pay just what they please and sit where they will. Such a custom is not only a great inconvenience to the regular pewholders and ushers as well. This is not in good form, and it is a disgrace to the church. We are, without any regard for the prearranged rights of the regular pewholders, to take a seat as easily as if they were a frozen pond in December; you can walk all over them with perfect safety. It has not the slightest effect. The effort to remove them to another vacant seat is as great a contract as to remove an iceberg.

The prices fixed for the various masses have been customary for many years, and, therefore, no one is at liberty to change them. Eight cents and a large medal don't warrant the ticket-seller giving you a ten-cent ticket. Yet some have made such bargains. Those who have charge of these tickets are not responsible and must make returns to our office for every ticket which we give them to sell. Neither is the ticket box a sort of subscription for the reception of bad and mutilated coin, nor a place for people to express their opinion about the abuse of charging for seats. Any person who has any grievances of this sort can settle them very easily with the rector of the church or his assistant.

This announcement of the church regulation, it was explained, has no reference to those of the parish who are too poor to pay even the trifling required. All such are known to the Fathers and their wants are provided for. The church is to be kept from divine worship by reason of his or her poverty.

Dunphy Goes Republican. Former Congressman Edward J. Dunphy has written a letter to Colonel Roosevelt stating that he will vote for him.

Bronchitis

is a disagreeable, obstinate disease, but

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar,

if you take it faithfully, will surely rid you of its troublesome symptoms and give you healthy air passages. This bland remedy rapidly cures Coughs, Colds, Influenza and affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50 Cents.

STABBED HIS CHUM TO DEATH AFTER A BALL.



CHARLES CARLSON



ERIC MATTSO

Principals in a Tragedy After a Ball.

These two young men had been life-long friends. They attended a ball on Saturday night. On the way home they quarreled and fought. Mattson stabbed Carlson to death. The cross shows where the victim fell.

NO EXPLOSION ON THE CROATAN.

Surviving Sailor Declares There Was no Report, But That the Flames Leaped from All Parts of the Ship.

"There was no explosion on the Croatan. The flames seemed to leap from all parts of the vessel at once, but I am sure there was no upheaval. But the swiftness of that fire was marvellous. It swept over the ship before the first motion could be made to arrest it. Three of our four boats were consumed before they could be launched."

Such was the declaration yesterday of James Burris, one of the surviving sailors of the Clyde liner, Croatan, which burned and sank last Tuesday afternoon, when twenty-four hours out of this port, on her way to Wilmington, N. C. Burris, with the other survivors, including Captain C. M. Hale, the steamship's intrepid commander, four officers and other members of the crew and four passengers arrived at the Grand Central depot last Friday evening from Providence, R. I., over the Shore line. So quietly did they land that J. D. White, a nephew of Second Assistant Engineer Jeremiah McCarthy, inquired where Mr. White was employed before they started for Wilmington. Chief Officer Conklin and Second Officer Corning went to their homes in Brooklyn. McCarthy, the second assistant engineer, who was lost with four others, lived at No. 444 Park avenue, Brooklyn.

Runaway on Fifth Avenue. Fritz Handrich was driving with his wife in Fifth avenue at Fifty-ninth street yesterday afternoon when a buggy driven by James Kenney collided with his vehicle and frightened his horse. The horse ran up Fifth avenue, throwing both Mr. and Mrs. Handrich out. They were taken into the Netherlands Hotel and attended, after which they went to their home at No. 519 East Fifty-sixth street.

"There was no time to obtain clothing," continued Burris. "The falls of the fourth and last lifeboat had caught, and the boat itself would go in another minute. The crew cleared away that boat with the flames playing all about them and succeeded, in spite of the blistering heat, in getting it in the water."

"Everybody had rushed on deck, and Captain Hale, who was as calm as a cat, the ship was on her regular course, directed that life belts be distributed as rapidly as possible. Some did not wait for the life belts. They jumped overboard, and their example was followed by the others, one by one, in rapid succession."

"Meanwhile, the crew had been throwing over tables, chairs and anything that would float, so as to help those who were struggling in the water. Captain Hale stayed to the last, until the ship was almost in flames from end to end. I stayed till a huge spark fell on my hand and blistered it."

"I heard the cry, 'The ship is sinking!'"

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Mattson's Mortal Knife-Thrust Terminated a Life Friendship.

QUARREL OVER A TRIFLE.

Carlson Fell and Died in the Shadow of All Saints' Church.

Light-hearted and happy, John Carlson and Eric Mattson, two young Swedes who lived at No. 2423 Eighth avenue, where they occupied the same room, left their home on Saturday night for an evening's frolic, after a week of hard work. Yesterday morning, twelve hours later, Carlson lay dead in the Morgue. His friend, Mattson, occupied a cell in the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street police station, charged with murder. The men quarrelled and came to blows, and one stabbed the other to death.

Carlson and Mattson came to this country from Sweden about eight years ago. They landed in Boston, and there learned the trade of framer together. From childhood they had been playmates, comrades. One month ago the two young men came to New York.

John Carlson and his friend, Eric Mattson, decided to attend a Swedish ball, which was to be given at Unity Hall, One Hundred and Tenth street and Third avenue, on Saturday night. They went. Later, John Mattson and Charles Carlson followed them. At the ball the four friends drank somewhat freely, and all were more or less intoxicated when they started for home, about 2 o'clock. Then they were joined by William Hendrickson.

Upon leaving the hall John Carlson and Eric Mattson became involved in a dispute

over some trivial matter and exchanged blows. They were separated and proceeded on their way home together, but continued quarrelling. When they reached the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, the two men grew more violent in their language toward each other, and a three-handed scuffle ensued, in which Carlson received a stab in the right breast.

Carlson staggered, and the Mattsons fled. Charles Carlson supported his friend as they continued up Madison avenue, until they reached the All Saints' Church, at the corner of Madison avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. There John Carlson fell to the pavement, and the Mattsons fled. Charles Carlson supported his friend as they continued up Madison avenue, until they reached the All Saints' Church, at the corner of Madison avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. There John Carlson fell to the pavement, and the Mattsons fled.

Both men were found in bed with their clothing on. They were taken to the police station, and upon entering a back room, they saw the corpse of John Carlson. Eric Mattson recoiled in horror.

In Eric Mattson's pocket was found a knife, the blade of which was stained with blood. In the pocket of John Mattson was also found a knife with a blood stain on the blade. John Mattson's eye had been blackened, evidently by a blow.

An investigation of the case was made by Magistrate Simms, in the Harlem Police Court yesterday. The principal witness was John Carlson. He said that when John Mattson and John Carlson had quarrelled on the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, Eric Mattson had said:

"Why don't you hit him? His brother, John Mattson, had replied:

"Oh, he's drunk."

"Well, if he hits me I'll fix him," remarked Eric.

John Carlson and Eric Mattson then came to blows. Magistrate Simms held the two Mattsons on a charge of murder, without bail. Charles Carlson was sent to the House of Detention to be held as a witness. Hendrickson was released.

B. Altman & Co.

Direct attention to their

FUR DEPARTMENT,

in which they are showing

Persian Lamb, Seal Skin and Broadtail Coats, Fur Lined Wraps, Russian and Hudson Bay Sables, Fur Trimmings, etc.

Fur Articles of all descriptions at prices to prove of interest.

B. Altman & Co.

Have made Extraordinary reductions in the prices of COLORED DRESS GOODS, including 7,000 Yards all Wool Desirable Dress Fabrics, which will be offered this day (Monday) at 58c., 75c. and 95c. Per Yard.

Original Prices, \$1.00 to \$2.50.

Eighteenth Street, Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue.